

The Tell-Tale Heart

Tourniquet

[Words: Luke Easter, Music: Aaron Guerra] I cut him up this evening
And they came to check the scream
On the very spot i'd hidden him
I served a spot of tea I'd left no evidence
That anything was wrong
But the unnerving sound beneath the floor boards
Reminded me of what I'd done I thought I'd committed
The perfect, fool-proof crime
I never knew how heavy
This would weigh upon my mind Things done in secret
Under cover of night
Have a funny way
Of being brought into the light I admit the deed
Can't you hear the beating
I admit the deed
I'm being driven mad by the tell-tale heart

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